

Middleton

Transcript.

VO. VI.

MIDDLETOWN, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1873.

NO. 13.

Professional.

JOHN A. REYNOLDS,
Notary Public,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

VICTOR GREEN,
Attorney at Law,
Offices Adjoining His Residence, N. Broad St.
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE,
July 2—y

J. M. WILLIAMSON,
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,
11 AND 12 EXCHANGE BUILDING,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

DR. THOMAS H. GILPIN,
Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of
DENTAL SURGERY.

HAVING located in Middletown, and suc-
ceeded Dr. J. J. Vanderford, respectfully
offers his professional services to the public.

THOMAS S. DUNNING, A. M. M. D.
Homeopathic Physician,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Has removed to Broad Street, opposite the
Middletown Academy.

Office hours, 7 to 9 a. m.
1 to 3 p. m.
dec 3—w 6 to 7 p. m.

JAS. A. BUCHANAN,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
NO. 41 ST. PAUL STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and ad-
jacent Counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland,
and also in the Supreme Court of the United
States and of the District of Columbia. And
attends to the
Collection of Claims against the Government
in the Court of Claims of the United States, and
before the various Departments in Washington,
D. C. [marl-ly]

REYNOLDS & CO.,
No 12, Exchange Building.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.
Conveyancers, Surveyors, Real Estate Agents,
Collectors of Accounts, Bills, etc.
Houses and Lands rented, and rents collected;
Loans negotiated; Titles examined; Deeds,
Bonds, Mortgages, and other Legal papers care-
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nently retained. Correspondence solicited.
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REYNOLDS & CO.,
No. 12, EXCHANGE BUILDING,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

DENTISTRY.

J. J. VANDERFORD, D. D. S.
Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of
DENTAL SURGERY.

DELAWARE CITY, DELAWARE.

REFINEMENTS.
Hon. H. G. S. Key, St. Mary's co., Md.
Hon. B. G. Harris, " " "
Col. C. Braxton, " " "
Dr. J. N. Miller, " " "
Joseph H. Key, Esq., " " "
Hon. B. T. Biggs, New Castle co., Del.
Rev. John Patten, D. D., " " "
Rev. J. C. McCabe, D. D., " " "
Hon. Hiram McCullough, Cecil county, Md.
Rev. Henry Matthews, " " "
Hon. Geo. Earle, late Ass't Post Gen'l.
May 13—tf

Russian Costumes.

All the guests at the Christmas festival
are dressed in their holiday clothes, but
the caprices of fashion are banished from
their garments as much as from their
social pleasures. The costume of the old-
fashioned Russians is not more distin-
guished for its richness than for its antiquity.
In the provincial districts the son
dresses as his father and as his father's
father did before him; and even female
taste and vanity venture not to introduce
an innovation in the costume which ages
have consecrated. A large beaver cap,
a pelisse of sable or fox skin, a richly-em-
brodered kashat buttoned up the front
with silver buttons and a girdle of rich
Persian silk, or of a red kind of woollen
stuff called kummatsch, is the uniform of
each wealthy male guest. The married
women wear the kokoshnik, a kind of
head-dress made of scarlet silk, embroi-
dered with colored silks or pearls and trim-
med with lace, from which is suspended a
white fatu, or short veil.

Their dress, called saraphan, resembles
to shape a clergymen's gown, and is
made of rich gold or silver brocade, but-
toned up the front with a single row of
buttons; the sleeves, which are very long
and wide, are of white muslin, and a stiff
muslin ruff encircles the throat. A wool-
len cloak trimmed with sables, richly em-
brodered mittens, and delicate slippers
with high heels, complete the costume.
Their trinkets consist of gold chains,
necklaces, and bracelets of pearls and
precious stones, and earrings of the same.
These last mentioned objects form the
most important items in the dower of rich
maiden, and the greater their antiquity,
the oftener they have descended from
mother to daughter in the same family,
the higher they are valued. The "fair
maiden" wear the saraphan and the ruff
like the married women, but the rich
tresses of their own hair, wound round
with a rose-colored ribbon, constitute the
only head-dress allowed to them.—Bel-
gravia.

Middletown's latest slang—"Woods full
of 'em."

Select Poetry.

The Last Leaf.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again,
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

The say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
They are gone!

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grand-mama has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—

That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf on the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Popular Miscellany.

The Bear Chase.

FROM THE FRENCH.

One evening, a short time after the
battle of Fontenoy, (1745) a group of
the king's body-guard was congregated
near the Matona basin, at Versailles,
listening to two of their number discuss-
ing a subject which at that period was
rarely a matter of controversy in military
circles.

"Refuse a duel after a public affront?"
exclaimed the tallest of the speakers, whose
bronzed features were rendered almost fer-
ocious by a thick red mustache; "it is a
stain that all the waters of the deluge
would not wash away."

"I repeat, Monsieur de Malatour," re-
plied the other in a calm, polite tone,
"that there is more true courage in re-
fusing than in accepting a duel. What
is more common than to yield to passion,
envy, or vengeance; and what more rare
than to resist them? Therefore it is a
virtue when exhibited at the price of pub-
lic opinion; for what costs nothing, is es-
teemed as worth nothing."

"A marvel!" Monsieur d'Argente, I
would advise, if ever the king gives you
the command of a company, to have an-
graven on the sabres of the soldiers the
commandment—"Thou shalt do no mur-
der."

"And wherefore not? His majesty
would have better servants, and the coun-
try fewer plunderers, if we had in our
regiments more soldiers and fewer bullies.
Take, as an example, him with whom
you seem much incensed; has he not nobly
avenged what you call an affront by
taking, with his own hands, an enemy's
colors, while your knaves most likely
formed a prudent reserve behind the bug-
gery?"

"Cowards themselves have their mo-
ments of courage."

"And the brave also their moments of
fear."

"The expression is not that of a gentle-
man."

"It is that of Monsieur de Turenne,
whose family equaled either of ours, and
who avowed that he was not exempt from
such moments. Everybody has heard of
his conduct to a braggadocio, who boasted in
his presence that he had never known
fear. He suddenly passed a lighted can-
dle under the speaker's nose, who instant-
ly drew back his head, to the great amazement
of the bystanders, who laughed heartily at
this singular mode of testing the other's asser-
tion."

"None but a marshal of France had
dared to try such a plessantry. To our
secret air, I maintained that your
friend is a coward, and you—"

"And I—" repeated D'Argente,
his eyes flashing, and his lips firmly com-
pressed.

"Holla, gentlemen!" exclaimed a third
party, who, owing to the warmth of the
argument, had joined the group unper-
ceived. "This is my affair," said he to
Monsieur d'Argente, holding his arm;
then turning to his adversary, added—
"Monsieur de Malatour, I am at your or-
ders."

"In that case, after you, if necessary,"
said D'Argente, with his usual calm-
ness.

"By my honor, you charm me, gentle-
men! Let us go."

"One moment," replied the new comer,
who young as he was wore the cross of
St. Louis.

"No remarks. Gentlemen hasten."
Too great haste in such cases eviden-
ces less a contempt for death than an anxiety
to get rid of his phantom."

"I listen, sir!"

"Monsieur d'Argente just now stated
that the bravest have their moments of
fear. Without taking an serious his anec-
dote of Monsieur de Turenne, I shall add
that, with the exception of the difference
that exists between muscles and nerves,
the courage of the duellist is more an af-
fair of habit than of principle; for it is
the natural state of man to love peace, but
not for the sake of others, at least for himself.

"Do you wish me to prove it?"

"Enough, sir; we are not here to lis-
ten to a sermon."

"Yet a moment. Here is my proposi-
tion: we are all assembled this evening
previous to our leave of absence; I invite
you, then, as also these gentlemen present,
to a bear-hunt on my estate, or rather
amongst the precipices of Clat, in the
Eastern Pyrenees. You are very expert,
Monsieur de Malatour—you can snuff a
candle with a pistol at twenty paces, and
you have no equal at the small wood.
Well, I shall place you before the bear,
and if you succeed—I do not even say in lodg-
ing a ball in his head, but merely in firing
upon him—I shall submit immediately af-
ter to meet you face to face with any
weapons you choose to name, since it is
only at that price I am to gain your good
opinion."

"Are you playing a comedy, sir?"

"Quite the contrary. And I even re-
peat that this extreme haste shows more
the courage of the nerves, than of the
true courage arising from principle."

"What guarantee have I, should I ac-
cept your proposition, that you will not
again endeavor to evade me?"

"My word, sir; which I take all my
comrades to witness, and place under the
safeguard of their honor."

There ran through his auditory such a
buzz of approbation, that De Malatour,
though with a bad grace, was obliged to
accede to the arrangement. It was then
agreed that, on the 1st of September, all
present should assemble at the Chateau
du Clat.

While the young lord of the manor is
making the necessary preparations for
their reception, we shall explain the ac-
cusation of which he was the object, yet
which had not branded him with any mark
of disgrace among a class of men so
petulantly on the point of honor.

The young Baron de Villitretton, in enter-
ing amongst the gentlemen who formed
the household guard of the king of
France, carried with him principles which
remained uncorrupted amidst all the friv-
ilities of one of the most licentious courts
in Europe. Such, however, is the charm
of virtue, even in the midst of vice, that
his exemplary conduct had not only gained
him the esteem of his officers, and the
friendship of his companions, but had at-
tracted the attention of the king himself.
One alone among his comrades, Monsieur
de Malatour, took umbrage at this general
affront, and, on the occasion of some trifling
expression or gesture, publicly insulted him.
Villitretton refused to challenge him, as
being contrary to his principles, but determined
to test the mettle of the king's favorite.
He received the cross of St. Louis from
the king's own hand on the field, the
eulogium of Marshal Saxe, and redoubled
energy on the part of De Malatour.

Opposite to them, the foaming waters
of a cascade fell for some hundreds of feet
through a cleft which divided the mountain
from the summit to the base. By
one of those caprices of nature which testi-
fy the primitive convulsions of our globe,
the chasm was surmounted by a natural
bridge—the piles of granite at each side
being joined by one immense flat rock,
almost seeming to verify the fable of the
Titans; for it appeared impossible that
such enormous blocks of stone could have
ever been raised to such an elevation by
human agency. Sinister legends were
attached to the place; and the mountain-
ants recounted with terror that no hunter,
with the exception of the parieur, had ever
been posted at the bridge of Maure without
becoming the prey of either the bears or
the precipice. But the parieur was too
good a Christian to partake of this ridicu-
lous prejudice; he attributed the fatality
to its real cause—the dizziness arising
from the sight of the bears and the precipi-
ce combined, by destroying the hunter's
presence of mind, made his aim unsteady,
and his death the inevitable consequence.
He could not, however, altogether divest
himself of fears for his young master, who
obstinately persevered in his intention of
occupying the bridge with his antagonists.

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After placing the baron's companions
at posts which he considered the most ad-
vantageous, the parieur rejoined his men,
and disposing them so as to encompass the
valley facing the cascade, commanded the
utmost silence to be preserved until they
should hear the first bark of his dog. At
that signal the mastiffs were to be released,
the instruments sounded, and all to move
slowly forward, contracting the circle at
the cascade. These arrangements being
made, the parieur and his dog, followed by
the mandrin alone, disappeared in the
depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had re-
mained unbroken, when suddenly a furious
barking commenced, accompanied by low
growling. Each prepared his arms; the
instruments sounded; and the mastiffs be-
ing let loose, precipitated themselves pell-
mell in the direction of the struggle. Their
furious barking was soon confounded with
the cries of the hunters and the din of the
instruments, mingled with the formidable
growling of the bears, making altogether
a hideous concert, which, rolling along the
sides of the valley, was repeated by the
distant echoes. At this moment the young
baron regarded his companion, whose
countenance, though pale, remained calm
and勇敢.

"Five in all—complete menage—
father, mother, and children; besides an
old bachelor, whom the Spaniards had
driven to this side."

"In less than a week we shall go in
to see them. Do you know, parieur,
some of my comrades are rather rough
sportsmen; there is one of them who is
able to snuff a candle with a pistol at
twenty paces."

"Easier, perhaps, than to snuff a bear
at four," replied the old man laughing.

"That is what I said also. But as I
should wish to judge for myself of his
prowess, you must place us together at
the same post—at the bridge of Maure,
for instance."

"Hum!" said the parieur, scratching
his ear; "it would better please me to
have you elsewhere."

"Why?"

"Because to guard this post, a man
ought to be in a state of grace, for he will
be between two deaths—the bears and the
precipice."

"In that case, after you, if necessary,"
said D'Argente, with his usual calm-
ness.

"By my honor, you charm me, gentle-
men! Let us go."

"One moment," replied the new comer,
who young as he was wore the cross of
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